THE POLICE

The ones who beat Rodney King, who gunned down Sean Bell and Amadou Diallo and Oscar Grant, who murdered Fred Hampton in his bed. The ones who enforced Apartheid in South Africa and segregation in the United States. The ones who broke Víctor Jara's hands and Steve Biko's skull, who disappeared dissidents from Argentina to Zaire, who served Josef Stalin. The ones who interrogated Black Panthers and Catholic Workers, who maintained records on 16 million people in East Germany, who track us through surveillance cameras and phone taps. The ones firing tear gas and rubber bullets whenever a demonstration gets out of hand, who back the bosses in every strike. The ones who stand between every hungry person and the grocery shelves stocked with food, between every homeless person and the buildings standing empty, between every immigrant and her family.

In every nation, in every age, you tell us you're indispensable, that without you we'd all be killing each other.

But we know well enough who the killers are.

You won't fuck with us much longer.

POLICE EVERYWHERE, JUSTICE NOWHERE

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